



AUNT MARY'S PETS.

SOME boys make pets of rabbits, and some of squirrels; some of hedgehogs, and some even of mice! Well; "chacun à son goût," as the French say; and I have a peculiar taste of my own in this matter. I have at present six pet *Lizards*; and as they belong to a much misunderstood and persecuted race, I should like to say a good word for them, in hopes of inducing the young readers of "Aunt Judy's Magazine," if not to follow my example in making pets of them, at least to refrain from ill-using them, and pelting them with stones, as I fear many boys do whenever they see one. I think if I could show them my Streaky and Strokey, with their meek, gentle faces, and quiet, harmless ways, they would never do so again. But as I cannot do that, I will tell them how I became so fond of them.

My two nephews, Charley and David, had come to pay us their usual summer visit, and one day I set out with them for a long walk, to hunt for butterflies and grasshoppers, and may-flies, and other curious things, about which I may have more to say again. But as we were looking about among the stones and grass, suddenly I saw two creatures basking in the sun on a large stone, which I felt sure must be lizards, from pictures I had seen of them in books. This was a great discovery, for none of us had ever seen a live lizard before; and we immediately forgot all about the butterflies, and resolved not to go home till we had caught a lizard. But we soon found that this was easier said than done; for on the slightest rustling of the grass or leaves, they darted off like lightning, and disappeared among the loose stones which lay

about; and though, after a little, if we kept quiet, they would peep out again, as soon as we attempted to approach them they were off. After spending an hour in this way, I thought we must give it up, and was just about to tell the boys that they must come home, when Charley called out, "Oh, Aunt Mary! Aunt Mary! I've caught one!" And so, sure enough, he had. We sat down on the grass, and examined it at leisure; and great was the admiration we bestowed upon its bright black eyes, its pretty little hands, or fore-paws, furnished with little claws, like a bird's, but especially on its beautiful skin, closely covered with shining scales. It was like a coat of mail, I thought; Charley compared it to mamma's mosaic brooch; and David thought it was covered with little shells. At last our prize was deposited in my pocket-handkerchief, and we proceeded homewards in triumph; but so often did the boys insist on stopping to open a corner of the handkerchief, and peep in to make sure that it was still there, that I feared it would make its escape before the end of our journey. However, I managed to keep my prisoner safe, and David's shouts soon informed the household that we had caught, and brought home, a real live lizard.

But our spirits were quickly damped by the reception this intelligence met with. Instead of the admiration and applause we expected, and thought we deserved, we heard screams, and exclamations of horror, led on by the cook, who, the moment she saw our prize, pronounced it to be an ask, which, if not instantly killed, would certainly bite, sting, and poison everybody in the house! And more than that—it would walk down our throats! *She* knew all about it; for when her father was working in the woods at Comrie, where she was born, he never would go to sleep without a long nightcap drawn over his face, eyes, nose, mouth, chin and all, for fear of the asks, for it was well known that if they caught any one sleeping, they would go down his throat.

Now I knew that all this was perfect rubbish; because, in the first place, this was not an *ask*, but a lizard; and, in the second place, even if it *had* been an ask, there was no reason to be afraid of it; for the creature held in such mysterious dread under that name in Scotland by the ignorant (and by some who should know better), is nothing but a poor innocent newt, eft, or emmet, quite as harmless as, and even more defenceless than its cousin the lizard, which it resembles sufficiently in form to be mistaken for it sometimes by people who are

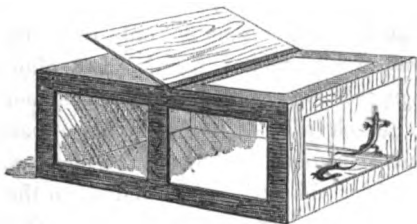
afraid to go near either of them. All this I tried to convince cook of; but as all I could say was met by the unanswerable argument that *her* father never went to sleep without a nightcap drawn over his face for fear of the asks, I gave it up in despair, and deposited the poor terrified object of dispute in a collar-box, making a few small holes for the admission of air in the lid, and then tying the same firmly down. And tranquillity being in some measure restored, and grandmamma convinced that there was no danger, at least for the present, of the formidable beast of prey making its escape, we all sat down to dinner, the boys and I feeling somewhat crestfallen, but with our appetites, sharpened as they were by our long walk and exciting hunt, by no means destroyed.

The next day Streaky, as we called him, who had at first been very wild, scratching furiously to get out, was somewhat subdued, and snapped up some flies which we offered him with considerable relish. But, alas! in a few days the boys were to return home, and I must accompany them, to see them safely there, and bring back with me their younger brother Robbie, who had been prevented from coming with them by an attack of measles.

And what was to become of poor Streaky then? for we could not expect much from the tender mercies of cook; and as for grandmamma, she was afraid to go near him.

At last, a bright idea struck

me; and I proceeded, with the help of two active and willing pairs of hands, to put it into execution. We made a box of strong pasteboard, about a foot square, and four inches deep; one side was formed by a piece of glass, and half the top was covered with another piece, the other half being closed with a lid hinged on to the glass with a strip of leather, and shown in the engraving half open. In the other three sides I cut out spaces, over which I glued strong canvas, of the kind called Penelope, used for Berlin wool work. Thus we constructed for our pet a handsome and commodious habitation, to which air was freely admitted through the canvas, and sunlight through the glass; and with great delight we put him into it, first furnishing it with some nice dry moss for a bed, and a little shallow saucer of



water for him to drink out of. For we had found out that he was a thirsty creature, and would come and lap up the water like a dog with his curious forked tongue, which I believe is one of the things that make people so afraid of him, though it cannot hurt anybody. Finally, I made a little hole, just large enough to admit a fly, in one corner of the box, and tied the lid securely down; and then the boys went off in triumph to show the whole affair to grandmamma, to assure her that Streaky could not possibly escape, or do her any harm, and to beg her to put in a fly now and then through the little hole, that he might be kept alive till Aunt Mary's return. Now I knew very well that the dear old lady could not refuse the boys anything, and still less could she bear to see any creature starve before her eyes; so I set off next day with a tolerably easy mind, feeling pretty sure that she would overcome her fears so far as to do what they asked.

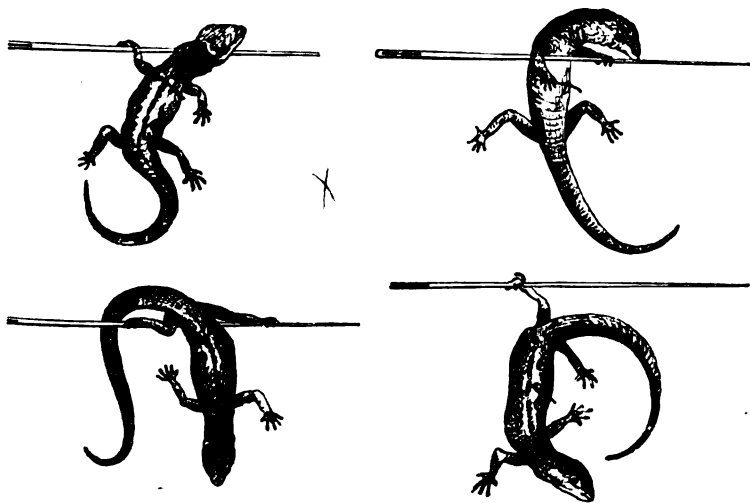
It was a fortnight before Robbie could safely travel; and having heard a great deal about Streaky, he became quite feverish, as we got near our journey's end, with anxiety to know if he were still alive, or if grandmamma had suffered him to starve through fear of his fangs. I leave you to fancy his delight, and my amusement, when we found that she had become not only reconciled to her charge, but actually so fond of him, that I fear she had almost worn herself off her dear old legs, trotting up and down stairs, and into every corner of the house, in search of flies to satisfy his appetite. For the sagacious creature had soon found out where the flies came from, and would sit for hours watching the little hole; and when the supplies fell short, would stand on tiptoe and gaze up at her through the glass with such an appealing look in his bright round eyes that her heart was quite won.

So it was that I became possessed of my first tame lizard; and he was not long without companions. Robbie and I soon set out to pay a visit to the stony knoll where I found him, and we were rewarded by a new discovery. It was now a month or so later in the season; and beside each of the lizards, which we speedily detected sunning themselves on the stones, there appeared three or four funny little counterparts of themselves; only instead of being streaked with yellow and brown like their parents, they were nearly black, as if they had been cut out of ebony. We immediately set ourselves with all our energies to catch a baby lizard, and before long Robbie, whose supple young limbs gave him the advantage over his auntie, and enabled him to dart

about almost as quickly as the creatures themselves, succeeded in securing one, and we carried it home in a small box, which I had ready for any insects that might turn up. Poor little thing! grandmamma's thimble might have held it; for lizards can curl themselves up in an amazingly small space.

I expected that Streaky would be quite delighted when I introduced his little companion to him, and would receive it very kindly; but I am sorry to say he did not; he took no notice of it whatever, and if it came in his way would walk over it, without appearing to know that it was there.

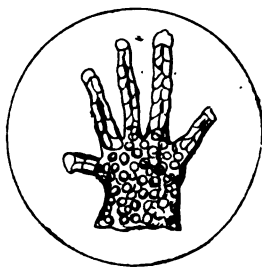
On our next expedition we caught another grown-up lizard; which,



as the boys had called the first one Streaky, I thought it would be appropriate to name Strokey. I cannot tell you about all the lizard hunts we had after this; but before Robbie left us I had acquired my present family, named individually Streaky, Strokey, Stumpy, Curly, Snappy and Spotty. Stumpy received hers by reason of her extremely short and stumpy tail, which is evidently a new one got to replace the original article; for these creatures possess the curious power of reproducing that member when they lose it by any accident. Curly and Snappy are about half grown, and very lithe and graceful creatures they are, Curly frequently disposing himself in as many curls as a lady's ringlet,

from which habit he got his name, while Snapdragon earned his (afterwards contracted to Snappy) by reason of his snappish ways, for he is of a less amiable disposition than the others, and has actually tried to bite my finger several times, to express his displeasure at being handled, which seems to relieve his feelings, and certainly does me no harm, as his almost invisible teeth cannot make the slightest impression : a Jenny Wren pecking at one's fingers would be more formidable. All the others like to be stroked and petted, and will lie in my hand for a long time together ; eat flies out of my fingers, and drink water out of my palm.

But little Spotty, the baby of the family, is the great favourite. He is a pretty little fellow, and having cast his skin several times is beginning to lose his dark colour, and show streaks and spots of yellow. He is the most active little elf possible ; darting about like lightning, climbing up the sides, and sometimes getting upon the backs of the older ones, and enjoying a ride up and down the box. But Robbie's greatest delight, as often as he can filch a long darning-needle from grandmamma's workbox, is to put him through his gymnastic exercises. This he accomplishes by lifting him up on it, so that he is obliged to hang on, which he can very easily do ; but, like other young things, not liking to remain long in one position, he tries first one, and then another ; hanging now by a fore-paw, and then by a hind-leg ; and sometimes, catching hold of the tip of his tail with his paw, he makes himself into a ring, and swings quite at his ease. I have made a few sketches



of him while thus engaged. And Spotty is a dandy, and wears gloves, which, if they are not kid, are something a great deal prettier. I found one of them one day, lying just as he had put it off (for he puts off his gloves, and his jacket too, when he finds them too small for him), and here is a picture of it, as seen through a strong magnifying glass ; but no picture can give you an idea what a beautiful piece of transparent gossamer lace-work it is, quite fit for a fairy to go to a ball in.


Streaky is kinder to Spotty, now that he is better acquainted with him, and lets him ride upon his back, and lick his nose ; but Snappy and Strokey are rather cross to him, and one day, when Strokey had caught a fly by the leg, and then foolishly let it escape, I saw her seize

poor Spotty, who happened to be near her at the time, by the nape of the neck, and shake him just like a terrier shaking a rat, apparently under the idea that he had taken it from her. Strokey is always ravenous, because she obstinately refuses to eat little bits of raw meat, as I have taught the others to do, when flies are scarce; and they appear to think it not to be despised; but she resolutely holds out, and seems determined to starve rather than give in.

Besides the six lizards, I have now a veritable ask, the bugbear of cook's imagination. I shall perhaps have a word to say for poor Webfoot, and her beautiful little water-babies, at some other time, but I must now stop; not without assuring you, however, that it is quite laughable to think of any one being afraid of such a harmless creature. Even grandmamma, who for a long time could not be persuaded to touch it, now pets it even more than the lizards, because it looks so meek and helpless.

MAUDE'S DISCIPLINE.

PART I.—(continued).

 MISS SMITH was a clever, active person, the daughter of a farmer in the parish, who had been living as governess away from home for many years; but her mother's failing health obliged her to return, and she was glad to undertake the tuition of the rector's daughters for a small remuneration, and thus keep up what she had acquired. Maude's education had been carefully attended to, and in most things she was before Agnes. She spoke French fluently, and read German well, and played with much brilliancy and expression; but, as is often the case where accomplishments are made paramount, she could not do a long division sum without help; knitting and sewing were intolerable to her; and as for darning, it rather shocked her to hear the word. Agnes was very intolerant of these things, and quarrels between the girls were not unfrequent.

Mrs. Wilmot, however, was daily growing fonder of her niece; she was so quiet and tractable, so ladylike in manner, and so clever—the sort of girl whom grown-up people like to talk to, and almost forget they are children.

Maude's great fault was self. She never forgot her dignity, or

allowed herself to be carried away by impulse, as others did. But Mrs. Wilmot also knew that this was Agnes' fault, only that with her it took a different form; and she hoped that the girls would unconsciously improve each other.

One day it had rained hard all the morning, and the afternoon was bright and sunny and threatened a frosty night. Mrs. Wilmot was confined to her room with a headache, and the rector had ridden over to a town about six miles off on Punch.

It was a half holiday, and Maude and Agnes were reading in the schoolroom, while Fred and May played dominoes on the carpet. Martha looked in.

"Miss Agnes, do you know when your papa will be in?"

"No," said Agnes. "Why?"

"Because old Mary at the Moor Cottage near the quarry is worse, and they got some of the men coming home from work to leave word that she wanted to see your papa, miss. Poor old soul! she've no one with her but that mite of a grandchild." And Martha went away.

Agnes rose and looked out of window. "It's no use sitting indoors all day, Maude," she said.

"Where are you going?" asked her cousin.

Agnes made no reply, but left the room. Presently she came down bright and eager. "Come, Maude, mamma says we may go and see if old Mary wants anything, and take her some wine. Make haste, or we shan't be in by tea-time."

Maude leant back in her chair and yawned. "I don't want to go out," she said; "it's been raining all day. How far is it?"

"Oh! a very little way above the quarry; you know where that is," said Agnes, impatiently.

"No, I don't; I know it's on the side of the moor above the mere, and I know the path is very steep, and now it'll be very dirty and slippery; but I don't know how far it is," replied Maude, provokingly.

"Oh! nonsense, come along; it's only half an hour's walk, that's all, and it's so bright and sunny; it'll do you a world of good, Maude; you're always poking over the fire; and besides," she added, in a sort of parenthesis, "I mayn't go alone."

Maude was not ill-natured. She looked at her watch—her father's birthday gift two years before, which had often been the cause of a sigh to Agnes—"It's four o'clock now," she said; "but if that's it, it

alters the case; I don't want to keep you in all day, though I don't want to go out," and she went up to get ready. The consent was ungracious, and Agnes felt it; but it never struck her that she was more selfish than her cousin. She thought she was rather doing a meritorious action in taking wine to a sick woman, no matter at what annoyance to Maude's fine-ladyism; Maude, on the other hand, wondered what made Agnes so uniformly bent on making other people follow her will instead of their own; and so, when they met in the hall equipped for their walk, it was evident that neither of them was in the best of humours. Freddy met them in the hall, cap in hand.

"I'm coming with you," he said, decidedly, "and I shall bring Toby."

Now if there was one thing that made a walk less pleasant than another to Maude it was Freddy's company; but Toby was more than she could endure patiently, and she exclaimed, "No, no! if Toby comes, I won't; he'll smother us with mud."

Freddy burst in with a rude laugh. "Don't be afraid of your finery, Maude," he shouted; "Toby does not like you well enough;" and he ran to unloose the dog. Maude's prediction was verified. Out rushed Toby, a large retriever, leaping and bounding indiscriminately on both girls—now darting off into the dripping shrubbery, now back again with an accumulation of damp earth on his paws, which was duly transmitted in his rough antics to the frocks of the girls.

"Never mind," said Agnes, laughing, "it'll brush off. He means it all for affection—don't you, old fellow? What a pity you don't like dogs, Maude!" Maude thought of the old home, and a sad sad day when her own favourite, Willie, had seemed her only comforter. She was cross when she started, and now she was more so; she made no answer.

"I'll brush it when we come in," said Agnes; "it doesn't matter."

"Doesn't it?" said Maude; "I never said it did."

They walked on some way further in silence. Agnes spoke first.

"How pleasant it is!" she said; "I would give anything almost for a walk like this."

"You would give anything almost for your own way," said Maude. She was sorry the moment she had spoken, but it was too late then.

Agnes turned round in surprise. The train of small annoyances

which had disturbed her cousin had passed unnoticed by her, and Maude's sharp words hurt her. They had often quarrelled, it is true, but it had generally been Agnes herself who had begun it. As a rule, Maude had great self-control, almost too much so for so young a girl. Naturally reserved, and brought up in a school of conventionality, she kept her feelings to herself, and betrayed her displeasure by coldness or silence. Agnes was hasty and impetuous; and the quiet contempt with which Maude treated her outbursts of temper was one of her greatest annoyances. These words, therefore, coming from Maude—cool, quiet, ladylike Maude—startled her almost as much as if they had been spoken by some one who really had a right to reprove her.

"No, I wouldn't, Maude," she said, quickly, and blushing scarlet; "why do you say so?"

"Because I think so," replied her cousin; and they walked on in silence. Agnes was very angry. Hot thoughts of resentment rushed one after another through her mind. At one moment she determined not to speak to her cousin for two or three days; at another to tell her mother Maude was so disagreeable she could not get on with her; and the next resolving to undergo the most mortifying pieces of voluntary self-denial in order to prove to Maude that she herself was the selfish one, and that she, Agnes, had been most cruelly, falsely accused. She began to change her mind about her walk. It was getting cold and chilly; the path up the moor was, as Maude had said, steep and slippery, and here was she toiling up it with a heavy basket to carry comfort to a sick old woman, and Maude, who found the least exertion a trouble, and objected even to doing the least thing for herself, telling her, Agnes, that she would give up anything to have her own way! It was too bad. Freddy interrupted her meditations; he had been rabbit-hunting among the rocks with Toby, and now came up dirty and breathless.

"Which way are you going, Aggie?" he cried.

"To old Mary's," replied his sister.

"Oh, jolly!" exclaimed Master Fred; "won't I like to see Maude at the stepping-stones!"

They now turned down a sort of lane which wound down the hill-side, and from which several paths diverged. The furze, still in blossom, grew high on each side, but to the left there was a deep ravine, across which was a fine view of the mere and their own village

and church below. On the right the moor rose steep and bare, except where here and there the furze-bushes clustered or a flock of sheep were feeding. In front of them the quarry rose like a wall. They had not proceeded far when they came to a stream. There was a cleft in the hill-side from which it sprang, dancing, boiling, leaping over the pieces of rock and large round stones that impeded its course; it crossed the road more quietly, only splashing and eddying against the rocks which were placed as stepping-stones, and then tumbled down with a rush into the valley below. Freddy was already on the middle stone, Agnes on the first, but Maude stopped short.

"I can't cross this," she said.

"Ha! ha! I said so," shouted Fred, who had reached the opposite side, and looked back triumphant.

"It's easy enough," said Agnes, stepping back.

"It may be for you," replied Maude, "but I can't; it would make me giddy. I can't indeed."

"How silly!" exclaimed Agnes. "Why, Maude, I've crossed the beck twenty times a year all my life."

"It's not much to be wondered at that you don't mind crossing now, then," observed Maude.

"Are you coming?" said the other, impatiently.

"I told you; no."

"Well, you know I can't go back," replied Agnes, displaying her basket; "what's to be done?"

"I can find my way back by myself," said Maude, coldly.

"Come along," shouted Fred from the other side; "it's not deep enough to drown a mouse. What are you girls bothering about?"

"Will you try, Maude?" said Agnes, hesitatingly.

Maude made no reply, but began to retrace her steps. It was on her cousin's lips to call after her to take the second, not the first turning; but Agnes was cross, and did not care to seem over-solicitous for Maude's welfare just then, so she sprang across the beck, and joining her brother, they proceeded together to old Mary's.

(To be continued.)



“BY YIELDING WE CONQUER.”



ND these are *reeds shaken with the wind*. Are we, then, to be carried about by every blast of feeling or opinion?—to yield for yielding's sake to evil as well as good? Is this to be the victory that overcometh?

Nay! but see you, it is the wind from heaven before which these reeds are bending, not the feeble breath of man. Understand the lesson, therefore, of submission to God's dealings with His creatures. Yea, and include among His dealings that which He permits as well as that which He ordains.

“It is easier and safer and more pleasant,” says a wise old bishop, “to live in obedience than to be at our own disposing.”

One fine autumn evening (1867) a lady on board one of the stately steamers that ply on the Mississippi “like castles on the deep” was watching the waves caused by the huge paddles of the vessel as they broke from time to time on the bank. Presently she noticed one larger than the rest gather itself up as if bent on destruction. On the bank stood a strong upright tree-trunk looking as if bent on resistance, while by its side a graceful branch stretched droopingly over the water. There was a crash! and the wave had burst,—alas! bearing away the broken tree-trunk on its bosom. But the branch, bending to the water, had passed under it, only to come out beautified and refreshed. Its tear-bedewed leaves glistened in the late sunshine as it rose uninjured to its place. *By yielding it had conquered*; and the lady brought the lesson home to England.